

THE
M O I R I A D,
A
P A R O D Y
OF THE
NOBLE EARL'S SPEECH,
IN THE
IRISH HOUSE OF PEERS,
FEBRUARY 19th, 1798,
ON A
M O T I O N,

" THAT AN HUMBLE ADDRESS BE PRESENTED TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD
" LIEUTENANT, TO STATE, THAT AS PARLIAMENT HAD CONFIDED TO HIS
" EXCELLENCY EXTRAORDINARY POWERS IN ORDER TO SUPPORT THE LAWS AND
" DEFEAT TRAITOROUS COMBINATIONS IN THIS COUNTRY, WE FEEL IT OUR DUTY
" —AS THOSE POWERS HAVE NOT PRODUCED THE DESIRED EFFECT—TO
" RECOMMEND THE ADOPTION OF SUCH CONCILIATORY MEASURES AS MAY ALLAY
" APPREHENSIONS AND DISCONTENT."

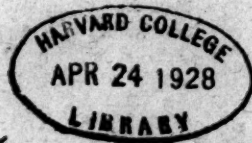
D U B L I N :

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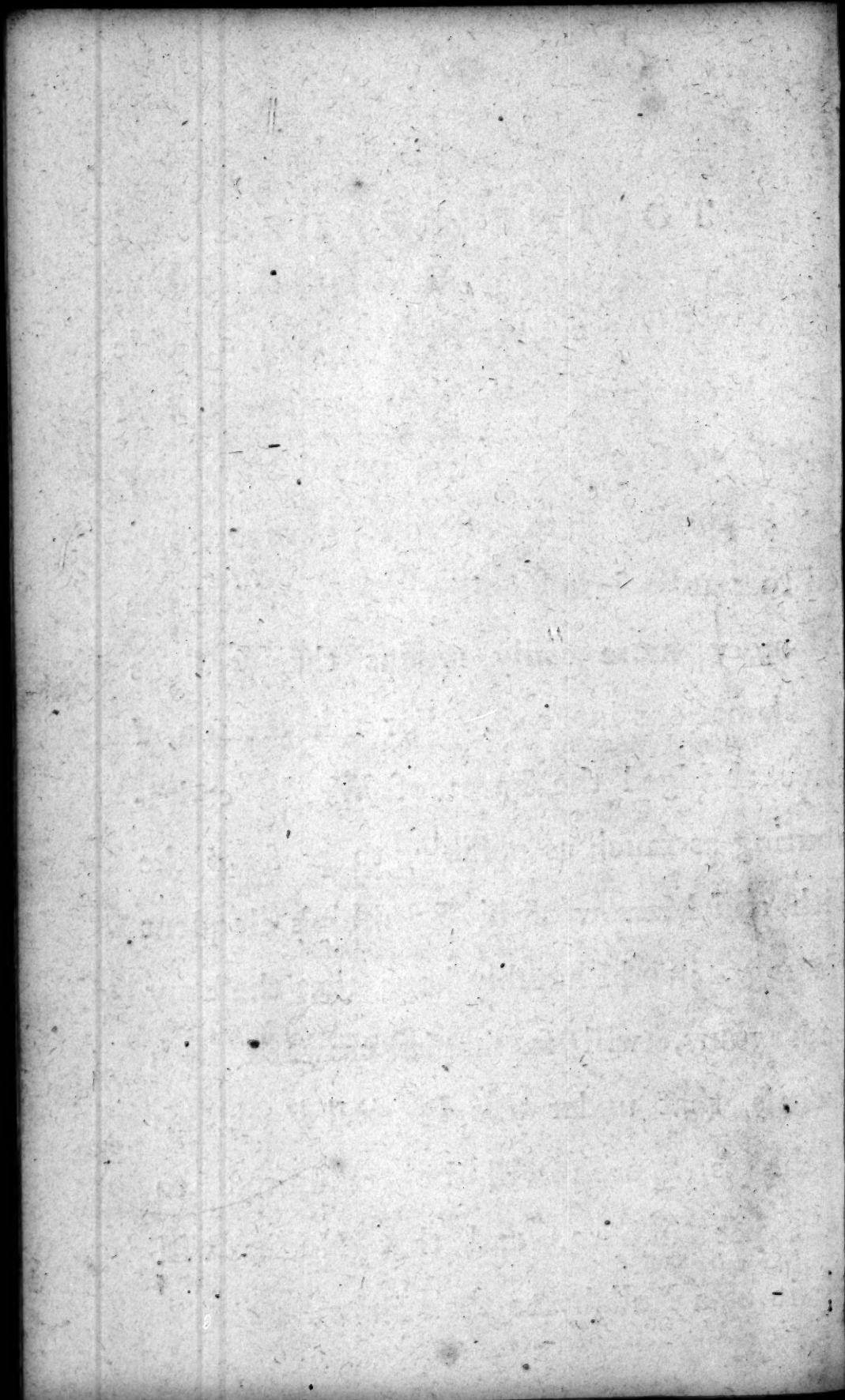
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TO THE READER.

THAT the celebrated Speech of a noble Earl, containing such loyal Sentiments and reflecting so much Credit on himself, may not be totally lost to Posterity, I have attempted to put it into familiar Verse, which the Memory more easily retains than tedious Declamations in Prose. For this Reason, I have abridged the Form of Words, endeavouring as much as possible, to preserve the Pith and Marrow of his Lordship's eloquent Harangue; and I humbly hope, that these my Endeavours, will so far be crowned with Success, that under this Poetical Form, his Lordship's Speech will be transmitted to Ages yet unborn, and that Nurses will sing it as a Lullaby to their Babes.



T H E
M O I R I A D.

MY LORDS!—your Attention I hope to arrest,
To a Speech very midd'ling, but meant for the best.

When I view my poor Country, and think of its Fate,*
Its wretched, distracted, deplorable State;
I should feel myself lost to all Sense of Regard,
Unless I reported a Treatment so hard.

Aware of the Danger, the Passions to warm
Of a People so keenly alive to Alarm,

Yet

* See Page first of the Debate on Lord Moira's Motion, February the 19th.

Yet I trust, to your Lordships this Night will appear
A Statement of Grievances candid and clear.

I lament that a Government should be so mean,
So sordid, illiberal, nay, so unclean,*

Of News-paper Vehicles making foul Use,

To bespatter a Peer of the Realm with Abuse.

While they criticiz'd Government's Errors alone,

I lamented the Evil—but let it go on.

Like Grotto del Cano, whose Vapours destroy

The four-footed Race, but no others annoy;†

They may hurt the poor groveling Beasts of the State,

Not a Being like ME, so exalted and great!

But I freely confess, my Resentment they move,

When they make me repeat, what I never can prove;

Those

* Page 2d.

† Ibid.

Those Charges I brought on my own Affirmation,
Against a respectable Part of this Nation.

'Twas in England, my Lords, where I told them a Story,
I now have the Honour of laying before ye;
Of Martial Oppressions, Strict Laws, and Coercion,*
While no one was near to confute my Assertion.
And yet—do I live to report my Disgrace?
My Story they scouted, and laugh'd in my Face.
To the Truth I most solemnly offered to swear,
But they call'd it a MOIRA, and turn'd a deaf Ear.

I stated, my Lords, a most pitiful Tale,
How the innocent Women were made to bewail
Their Candles put out, and their Husbands in Jail! }
How a Blacksmith unluckily met with a Check,
Was led through the Street with a Rope at his Neck,

For

For making Pike-heads, juſt to aid the good Cauſe,
 Of Reform in his Country's Religion and Laws.*
 Of a Curfew that ſolemnly toll'd in the Night,
 And a Woman commanded to "put out the Light;"
 The Light was extinguiſh'd, all, all to a Spark,
 And her Infant, ſweet Babe! left to roar in the Dark!

But, my Lords, I'm accus'd where my Honour moſt
 nice is, †

Of branding the Army with theſe horrid Vices.
 My Feelings are hurt in the tendereſt Part,
 For the Name of a Soldier is dear to my Heart.
 A Soldier I am, 'tis the Pride of my Life,
 That Scene of Contention, and Buſtle and Strife.
 A Soldier to wound with unjuſt Accuſation,
 To ſully his Fame in the Face of the Nation,

Such

* Lord Clare's Answer, Page 96 and 97.

† Page 4.

Such a Blow to direct at a Brother, a Friend,

In me were the Part of a Traitor, a Fiend!

So I mention'd, my Lords, but an Instance or two,

Their cruel and barbarous Measures to shew.

Yet not to the ARMY the Blame I impute,*

'Twas GOVERNMENT, GOVERNMENT led them to do't!

A Soldier, my Lords, is a Tool of the State,

He must execute boldly, but never debate.

If Outrage and Murder his Honour defame,

Let Cabinet-Ministers bear all the Blame.

Just so, should the Speech I am making this Night,†

To Fury and Madness the People excite;

Or raise of Sedition the horrible Cry—

The Boat that convey'd me is guilty, not I.

A Soldier

* Page 5 and 6.

† Lord Moira's second Speech—Page 148.

A Soldier can never his Duty forsake,*
 His Courage, his Honour, his Zeal are at Stake.
 His Loyalty touch, 'tis a delicate Point,
 He shudders and trembles like me at each Joint.
 I honour that Pride, and have felt it myself,
 Tho' lately I let it lie by on the Shelf.

In AMERICA once, in the Heat of my Fury,*
 I hung up a Col'nel without Judge or Jury:
 They talk'd of a Trial, and Laws and such Stuff,
 But I thought him a Rebel, and that was enough.
 Now, my Lords, I apply to your Bosoms of Steel,
 O, soften their Rigour, O, teach them to feel.
 Unite with the Friends of Sedition and Treason;†
 First lay down your Arms, then invite them to Reason:
 Concede to their Views, with their Wishes keep Pace,
 "Emancipate greatly, and quickly embrace." §

Forgive

* Lord Moira's second Speech, Page 67.

† Page 7, 8, 9.

§ Grattan.

Forgive the Affassin that levell'd the Blow,

To murder an innocent Parson or so;

- Let him live to repent and make Use of his Time,

You irritate more when you punish the Crime.

What rouses the Spirit of France, the great Nation!

Your War with her Friends, your severe Irritation.

No longer distrust them, or drive to Despair,

And France and her Armies will vanish in Air.

“ 'Tis better to perish,” says Tully of old,*

“ Than quietly live by an Army controul'd.”

There's Quigley, Fitzgerald, M'Nevin, O'Connor,

Bond, Emmet and Finerty, all Men of Honour;

Their Friends and themselves from your Prisons release,

They'll promise you Freedom, Fraternity, Peace.

Unite, and the Hearts of your Countrymen gain,

For their Character's, generous, mild and humane. †

* Page 10.

† Ibid, 14 and 15.

Their Feelings you wrong, and their Worth under-rate,
 When you call them inhuman, unkind or ingrate.
 Though Rapine and Murder their Footsteps should mark,
 Though they plunder in Secret, and stab in the Dark,
 Yet Nature, my Lords, in the Deed bears no Part,
 'Tis the Act of the Hand, not the Will of the Heart.

One Word, and I trouble your Patience no more,
 On a Subject of Grievances hinted before.

Informers, my Lords, are a Pest to the State,*
 For Truths most unwelcome they're apt to relate.
 'Twas asserted that many were sworn to the French,
 In my own loyal Village of BALLINAHINCH.
 I doubted the Fact, but the Truth to discover,
 From England in Haste and in Fury came over.

No

No Questions I ask'd, for a Secret I knew,
 To find by their Looks, if they're honest and true.
 The Thoughts I can read, without casting the Water,
 By the Lines of the Face—for I studied LAVATER.
 When I spoke of the KING and his Confort the QUEEN,*
 So loyal a People sure never was seen!
 Then I talk'd of the PRINCE and his beautiful WIFE,
 His Virtues domestic, and regular Life.
 I told them, how grateful he felt for their Love, †
 And quoted the Regency Bill, just to prove
 Our Affection for him, and their Feelings to move.

They began with Amazement to wonder and stare,
 And tofs-up their greasy old Caps in the Air.
 Their joy-beaming Eyes, ere my Speech I had done,
 With Gratitude twinkled, like Flies in the Sun.

They

* Page 13.

† Ibid. 14.

They all pray'd with me, and they car'd not how soon,
Old GEORGE would resign, and his Son mount the Throne.
Oh! who can deny they are Friends at a Pinch,
This good, loyal Village of BALLINAHINCH!

I move then, my Lords, that an humble Address *
Forthwith be presented by you, to express
To the great Lord Lieutenant—" that, as he has Pow'r,
" The Laws to support, and the State to secure ;
" To punish Seditious and base Combination,
" He yield to what I call the Wish of the Nation ;
" Relinquish the Powers entrusted by you,
" And spare the Offence of a People so true ;
" Such Measures adopt as shall answer our End,
" And prove to all Parties a time-serving Friend."

If

If the Motion I make be rejected To-night,
I shall move a Committee to set all aright,
And my Honour I pledge—but I'll first take my Flight.

* Page 69 of Lord Moira's second Speech.

T H E E N D.